Modern Fables."

THE FABLE OF WHAT HAPPENED THE NIGHT THE MEN CAME TO THE WOMEN'S CLUB.

.........

Week at the Homes of Members,



The Lady President.

were out to cut a Seven-Foot Swath through English Literature from Beowulf to Bangs, inclusive, and no petty Jealou-sies or Bickerings were to stand in the Way. So while they were at the Meeting they would pull kittenish Smiles and Applaud so as not to split the Gloves. Sometimes they Kissed, too, but they always kept their Fingers crossed. Of course, when they got off in Twos and Threes they would pull the little Meat-Axes out of the Reticules and hack a few Monograms, but that was to have been expected. Everything considered, the Club was a Tremendous Go. At each session the Lady President would announce the Subject for the next Meeting. For in-stance, she would say that Next Week they would take up Wycliffe. Then everyone would romp Home to look in the Encyclopedia of Authors and find out who in the world Wycliffe was. On the followed Thursday they would have Wycliffe down Pat and be Primed for a discussion. They would talk about Wyeliffe as if he had been down to the House for Tea every evening that Week. After the Club had been running for Six Months, it was beginning to be strong on Dates and Quotations. The Members knew that Mrs. Browning was the wife of Mr. Browning, that Milton had trouble with his Eyes and that Lord Byron wasn't all that he should have been, to say the Least. They were beginning to feel their Intellectua Oats. In the meantime, the Jeweler's Wife had designed a Club Badge.

The Club was doing such Notable Work

that some of the Members thought they ought to have a Special Meeting and in vite the Men. They wanted to put the Cap Sheaf on a Profitable Season and at the same time hand the Merited Rebuke to some of the Husbands and Brothers who had been making Funny Cracks.
It was decided to give the Star Pro-

gramme at the Beadle Home and after the Papers had been read then all the Men and Five Women who did not hold Office could file through the Front Room and shake Hands with the President, the Vice President, the Recording Secretary, the Corresponding Secretary, the Treasurer, and the Members of the various Committees, all of whom were to line up and Re-

The Reason the Club decided to have the Brain Barbecue at the Beadle Home was that the Beadles had such beautiful big Rooms and Double Doors. There was more or less quiet Harpoon Work when the announcement was made. Several of the Elderly Ones said that Josephine Bea ile was not a Representative Member of the Club. She was Fair to look upon, but show that they were With her, and then she was not pulling very hard for the Up- Homes began to break up, and Somebody lifting of the Sex. It was Suspected that Literary work, for she was a good deal Paper published in Detroit. more interested in the Bachelors who filled the Windows of the new Men's Club than she was in the Butler who wrote "Hudibras." So why should she have the Honor of entertaining the Club at the An- Up nual Meeting? Unfortunately, the Members who had the most Doing under their Bonnets were not the ones who could come to the Front with large Rooms that



Revered by the Club.

ald be Thrown Together, so the Beadle ome got the Great Event. Every One in Town who carried a Pound Social Influence showed up in his or her Other Clothes. Extra Chairs had to be brought in and what with the Smilax and Club Colors it was all very swell, and Maiden in the Lace Mitts who was going to write about it for the Weekly

brew a couple of Spasms.

The Men were led in pulling at the Halters and with their Ears laid back. After they got into the Dressing Room they stuck there until they had to be Shooed out. They did not know what they were going against, but they had their suspi-cions. They managed to get Rear Seats or stand along the Walls so that they

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BY GEORGE ADE.

a progressive little City claiming | an's Destiny-Why Not?" Along toward about twice the Population that the 3:15, about the time the Lady President Census Enumerators could uncover was beginning to show up Good and there was a Literary Club. It was one of those Clubs guaranteed to fix you out with Culture while you wait. Two or Throng to make sure that Everybody was Three Matrons who were too Heavy for Happy, made a Discovery. She noticed that the Men standing along the Wall and stey at Home and Knit organized the in the Doorways were not more than Sixty Per Cent. En Rapport with the Long Nearly every Woman in Town rushed to get in for fear somebody would say she had Not been Asked.

The Chapter of the control of The Club used to Round Up once a to see the Prominent Business Man of the Neek at the Homes of Members. There would be a Paper, followed by a Discus-sion, after which somebody would Pour. Three of them the Quiet Wink and they The Organization seemed to be a Win-ner. One thing the Lady Clubbers were where she offered Refreshments and said Dead Set on. They were going to have they could slip out on the Side Porch and Harmony with an Upper Case H. They Smoke if they wanted to. Probably they preferred to go back in the Front Room nd hear some more about Woman's Des tiny. As soon as they could master their ns and get control of their Voices, they told Josephine what they thought of her. They said that she made the Good Samaritan look like a Ceap Criminal and if she would only say the Word they would begin to put Ground Glass into the Food at Home. Then Josephine called them "Boys," which probably doesn't make a Hit with one who is on the slopng side of forty-eight. More of the men eemed to awake to the Fact that they were Overlooking something, so they came on the Velvet Foot back to the Dining om and declared themselves In and locked around Josephine and called her "Josie" and "Jose." They didn't care. They were having a Pleasant Visit. Josephine gave them Allopathic Slugs of the Size that they Feed you in the Navy and

> The Women were Huffy. They went out to make the Men come in and found them Bunched on the Porch listening to a story that a Traveling Man had just brought to

then lower you into the Dingey and send you ashore. Then she let them go out on

the Porch to Smoke. By the time the Lady President came to the last Page, there were only two men left in the Front

Room. One was asleep and the other was

fown that Day. Now the Plan was that during the Reception the Company would stand about in little groups and ask each other what Books they liked, and make it something on the order of a Salon. This Plan mis-carried because all the Men wanted to hear Rag Time played by Josephine, the Life Saver. Josephine had to yield, and the Men all clustered around her to give their Moral Support. After one or two Selections, they felt sufficiently Keyed to begin to hit up those low-down songs, about Baby and Chickens and Razors. No one paid any Attention to the Lady President, who was off in a Corner, holding an Indignation Meeting with the Secretary and the Vice President.

When the Women began to sort out the Men and order them to start Home, and all the Officers of the Club were giving Josephine the Frosty Good Night one could see that there was Trouble ahead. Next Day the Club held a Special Session and expelled Josephine for Con-



duct Unbecoming a Member, and Jose phine sent Word to them as follows: "Rats!" Then the Men quietly got togethe

ought Josephine about a Thousand Dolstarted the Report that any way it was came to the Meetings just to Kill the Lady President's Fault for naving Time and see what the Others were such a long and pokey Essay that wasn't hers at all, but was Copied out of a Club

Before the next Meeting there were two Factions. The Lady President had gone to a Rest Cure, and the Meeting resolved itself into a Good Cry and General Smash-

Moral: The only literary men are those who have to work at it. (Copyright, 1900, by Robert Howard Russell.)

The Grave of Annie Laurie.

From the St. James Gazette. It has just been discovered that hte grave of Annie Laurie, the heroine of the world-famous ballad, has remained for all hese years without a tombstone. Many people are under the delusion that Annie Laurie was merely a figment of the poet's was born in Maxwelton house, which some time. You vhas a bad, bad mans, stands on the "braes" immortalized in the song. Her birth is thus set down in the und you ought to go by some shalls. Barjorg manuscript: "At the pleasure of Vhat you mean, eh?" the morning, and was baptized by Mr. George, minister of Glencairn." Maxwelton house is still full of memorles of this winsome girl, and in the long drawing-room there still hangs her portrait. Her lover and the author of the original song was young Douglas of Fingland, but was young Douglas of Fingland, but whether he, as is common with lovers of poetic temperament, did not press his uit sufficiently, or whether she wished a stabler husband, she gave her hand to a prosaic country laird, her cousin, Mr. Alxander Fenguson. They lived the rest of their lives at Craigdarroch house, five miles from Maxwelton, and when she died Annie was buried in the beautiful glen of the Cairn. Lady Scott Spottis-woode, who died early in the present year, was responsible for the modern

From the Saturday Evening Post.
In the campaign of 1896 it came to the attention of leading Democrats that an unkn wn rator in a certain Western State was making a mighty stir among the people, winning from the Eepublicans the expressive title of "The Singed Cat." Several them, and testifying to the convincing power of his arguments. But, according to the story as it is frequently related in Democratic headquarters, the supreme test of this spellbinder's power over an udience came when he was addressing a mass or stand along the Walls so that they could execute the quiet Sneak if Things and too Literary. The Women were too Flushed and Proud to Notice.

At 8:30 p. m. the Lady President began to read a few Pink Thoughts on "Wom-" when placing his left hand upon the top of his head, he shouted:

"Right here is where the fire is. And it will not be put out until it has helped to light bondrag that celebrate Mr. Bryan's election."

DER GERMAN COBBLER.

The Little Tailor Comes to the Rescue with More Advice.

Peesness vhas so poor I don't make some saits, when dot leetle tailor comes aroundt und says: "Vhell, Hans, I see you don't catch on et. You vhas in America two years,

und yet you vhas greenhorns. A fortune vhas at your feet und still you don't pick her oop." "How can I pick him oop?" I says

"Shust so easy ash tar. You know about dot troubles in China, of course Eaferbody vhas interested in China shus now. If you say you vhas a cobbler for fife years in Peking, more ash two t'ou sand peoples vhill come in to see you und bring some shoes. I vhill put you oop some signs of 'Dot Cobbler from Peking,' "But I vhas neffer in China nor Pe

king," I says.
"Dot makes no deeference. You shus go right ahead und teil all about it, und you vhas all right. I vhas neffer in South Africa, but don't I tell my customers all about dot Boer war? Vhy, I talk for

ou miss some good things." I vhas a leetle scared, und my wife says shall get my head knocked off, but dot tailor he puts me oop a sign und says I vhas a rich man in two weeks. It goes

"By golly, but so you haf lived in Pe- rant forming a stock company. king, eh?

"I haf," I says.
"Dot vhas nice. Let me hear you talk ome Chinese language." "I can't did it." "But how do you get along in Peking if you can't speak some Chinese'

"I shust keep quiet und don't speak to copody. "Can you make some Chinese shoes?"

"Look here, cobbler," says dot man ash his smile goes avhay, "don't you try to play some roots on me! I vhas no kid. You say you vhas in China for fife years. Vhat vhas der name of dot river by Pek

"He vhas called der Mississippi river. "You vhas a liar by some clocks! vhas no more in China dan I vhas in Russia, und if you vhill step outdoors I shall haf some pleasure in knocking your head by der middle of next week!"

I den't go out, of course. I says I vhas wery busy und he must excuse me, und he swears und blows around und goes avhay. I belief I shall take dot sign down, but along comes a man who says: "Belly well, belly well! Choppy stickee alle samee eatee rice. So you vhas in China? You vhas shust der clothespin I How high vhas dot vhas looking for. stone wall in China?" "One t'ousand feet," I says.
"Vhat? How you make dot oudt? Who

can build a wall so high? Maype you mean 30 feet?" "I mean one t'ousand. Vhen you vhas on top of dot wall und look down, a dol-

lar bill don't look so big ash a postage stamp. "On vhat ocean vhas Peking?" he says "On dot Lake Erie Ocean, of course."

kicks for nottings!"

around der corner comes in. He smiles und shakes hands und savs:

"Cobbler, dis vhas sad peesness in China. killed, und maype my brudder vhas among 'em. If you lived in China for fife years, must know about missionary work. Did you see some good influences from

"I did," says I. "More ash 1,000,000 Chinamen don't bet on der races no more after one prayer meeting.'

Maype you meet my brudder in Peking?" "I know him like some books. He looks shust like you. After some Chinamen hear him preach once nopody gets drunk or whips his wife. I belief your brudder safes ore ash 10,000,000 souls in China."
"Ah-um! Den you belief my brudder does some good?"

"I belief he makes angels of all China-

Dot preacher looks at me in some curius vhays, und den he says:
"If you lived in Peking, maype you can

tell me der names of some streets?"
"I can. Dere vhas Fulton street, Green street, Washington avenue, State street, First place, Rag alley, und lots more. I haf my shop in Main street."
"Cobbler, did you haf some sunstrokes

dis summer?" he asks. "Of course not."

"Den it vhas natural for you to be some liars, I guess, but I don't belief you vhill make her pay. Good day, sir!"

He vhas only gone avhay vhen I take lar's worth of American Beauty Roses to show that they were With her, and then fat policemans on der beat comes in und

> Vhell, now, cobbler, maype I vhas China. How vhas der weather oafer dere?" "I dunno." "How whas house rent in Peking?"

"I can't say." "Vhat! You lif for five years in Peking und can't say? Don't monkey mit me, old mans! How much you haf to pay for liver and bacon in Peking?" "I neffer bought some."

"Vhell, how vhas beefsteak und cod-"I can't say."

"But you must know about potatoes und cabbages?" "I don't know nottings. I vhas neffer in China in my life.'

"If you whas neffer in China, why do you put oop dot sign?" "To draw some customers."
"Oh! ho! I see! You neffer vhas in brain.; but this was not so. She was China, but you lie und deceive und swin-the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, and die! Cobbler, I has my eye on you for

"I mean peesness," I says.
"So do I," he says, und he jams me by the Almighty God, my daughter, Anna Laurie, was born upon the 16th day of December, 1682 years, about 6 o'clock in der wall, jabs me in der ribs, und whirls

Hetty Green in a Queer Law Suit.

From a New York Letter. "Hetty Green vs. an Old Stock Broker" is the official title of a case on the Supreme Court's October calendar. Officially it represents an action brought by Alice W. Ladd, wife of Alfred W. Ladd, to recover stock commissions amounting to \$25,000 which, the plaintiff claims, is owed by Mrs. Green to her husband. The commissions were earned, it is claimed, seven missions were earned, it is claimed, seven through the caves takes one down and years ago, in 1893, as a result of a transaction in Wall street. Mr. Ladd, the broker, is not dead, as an action by his wife would seem to indicate, but he assigned below the surface of the earth. Here the below the surface of the earth. Here the the case to Mrs. Ladd in 1896, after trying earth coloring changes to deep blue, still to settle with Mrs. Green and get his incrusted with the limestone boxwork, money outside of court. Mrs. Green repudiates the whole thing.

An Epoch-making Invention.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

There seems to be a likelihood that before long movable types for printing will be done away with altogether, and their function, hitherto regarded as indispensable in the art, performed by ingenious photographic processes. The books of the near future, it is predicted, will be made by photography. ture, it is predicted, will be made by photography, and it is not improbable that even newspapers will be issued by methods in which the camera and dry-plate will take the place of the font of metal letters and the stereotype from a paper matrix.

The prediction is based upon recently patented inventions of a practical character. The originator of the idea proposes to apply to the reproduction of letter-press a process not very different from that already used is the mechanical multiplication of sictures.

NEW MAMMOTH CAVE

Discovery of Scientists in Dakota Black Hills.

REPORT OF GOVERNMENT EXPERTS

The Land Office and the Geological Survey Have Made Independent Investigations, and Report that the New Hole in the Ground Is an Immease Natural Wonder, Surpassing in Many Respects Kentucky's Famous Cavern-Interior Rich in Colors.

The discovery of a new cave which is to eclipse in magnitude and scenic wonan hour sometimes, und you should senders the famous Mammoth Cave of Kenhow der peoples rush in der coats und pants to be pressed. Man alife, don't one quarter of the country or another that it has come and thing?" that it has come to be looked upon by newspaper readers almost in the same light as the annual reappearance of the sea serpent at some well-advertised watering place. As a matter of fact the cave in her newspapers dot I vhas a Snerman.

Chinese-American cobbler, und ash queek ash I open my shop in der morning a to the enterprising real estate advertiser, yet the cavern seldom comes near enough to the promises of its prospectus to war-

But there has recently been discovered a cavern in South Dakota which has been officially inspected by two parties of government experts, and which, if all the reports about it be true, promises to com-pletely eclipse the famous Kentucky hole in the ground, and to make the Luray Caverns look like a handful of mutilated subsidiary coinage. The Interior Department has thought so well of the cavern, in fact, that the land about it has been temporarily withdrawn from publ entry, preparatory to satisfying certain unperfected homestead claims and setting

the tract aside as a great national park. The existence of the cavern has been known in its immediate vicinity for some years, and so famous has it become through the Northwest that it was visited last year by about 1,000 persons, who paid the owner a dollar apiece for entrance to the underground wonderland. It was in 1898 that it was first officially inspected by a party sent out by the Unit ed States Geological Survey, and their report so impressed Director Walcott that he communicated with the Secretary of the Interior, and one of the Land Offi field parties also took a trip through the cave. After the receipt of their report the Commissioner of the Land Office, Hon. Binger Hermann, decided to temporarily withdraw the land in this vicinity from public entry, and this has since been done.

In the Black Hills. The cavern is in the Black Hills of South Dakota and is known as Wind Cave. It is in the same sort of limestone formation from which the ranean streams carved out the famous Mammoth Cave, and it evidently was formed in the same way, though now the "Oh, she vhas, eh? Cobbler, your head miles and miles of galleries are perfectly vhas either filled mit sawdust, or you dry, and there is scarcely a drop of moistvhas an inferral liar! I vhas going down town now, und don't like to sweat my never been fully explored, but from the collar, but if dot sign vhas still oop vhen miles of underground windings that have er libel suit against the Kicker, we will I comes back I vhill step in und knock been penetrated it evidently is of greater call at his office and make him eat all the your head ofer your heels und put in two extent than the Mammoth Cave, is deeper under ground, and has quite as many My wife cries oudt dot we vhas busted | weird and curious features. One of the to bankruptcy und some poorhouses, und most remarkable features of the cave is the mass of delicate "boxwork" with ome beer, when dot preacher who lifs which its walls are decorated. This is More ash ten t'ousand missionaries vhas killed, und maype my brudder vhas among This formation is responsible for one of the most remarkable rooms in the series of caverns.

The cave gets deeper as one proceeds, and no accurate measurements have yet heen taken to show how deep under ground it does go. There are all the usual cave formations of stalactites and stalagmites, the former making grotesque cur-tains and ceiling hangings in some of the rooms while the latter in places are reared in the form of animals that are beat. quite realistic. In one place there is a orairie dog sitting at the mouth of his burrow, and in another of the rooms there is a goat standing in one of the doorways, as though he had just stopped to consider whether he would step inside.

Interior Rich in Colors, The cave is rich in colors, for it is in the region of mineral paints where the Indians gathered many of their earth lic. pigments. There is one room known as "The Red Hall," whose walls are formed of a red mineral paint that probably would be a valuable deposit if any one chose to work it in a commercial way. Another room, even richer in colors, is known as "The Opera House." The walls are of many colors, richly lined with the white carbonate of lime tracery and arched overhead like some old Gothic bounced off der force und like to go to hall. Another room is flecked over walls and ceiling with the same white formation, like great snowflakes, so that standing in the center, one seems to be in the midst of a snowstorm that has been suddenly arrested in its fall. Another re-markable formation is "The Devil's Outlook" (the devil always has to have ar interest in the underworld), where the ceiling suddenly breaks away overhead in a yawning chasm, sixty-five feet high, whose recesses are beyond the reach of the ordinary lantern light, and are revealed only by the flare of a piece of

magnesium tape.
"Odd Fellows' Hall" is even more rewish i was in Dixie," as soon as the markable, being branded on the celling with the three mystic links. This curious mark is explained on closer examination by the action of the water that is responsible for so many queer things in the cave, the stream having but three intersecting holes in the celling where it broke through the roof. "Capitol Hill" is another in the branch of wandering minstrels. In the fall of through the roof. "Capitol Hill" is another in the branch of wandering minstrels. In the fall of through the celling. Then there is "The Stone Quarry," where the natural cleavage of the rocks has broken off great slabs, square and true, as though cut by a stonemason, and piled up in heaps ready for building. This room varies the color scheme by being of a delicate pink hue.

But as the circus announcer says, "the

Delicate Lime Formation. One of the most beautiful rooms of the series is "The Garden of Eden," where the white lime formation takes on the form of hoar frost, so delicate that a breath will almost destroy it; or else it hangs but even those on the cheaper fans are will almost destroy it; or else it hangs but even those on the cheaper fans are from the edges of the boxwork in clusters often exquisite. The fan has the scene like popcorn and delicate curved petals with figures and flower gardens, green like popcorn and delicate curved petals with figures and flower gardens, green like snow flowers. Here, too, is to be found "Noah's Beard," a swaying mass and tinted skies painted on its face, and the clouds, trees, and greensward reof silvery films hanging from a chinlike projection of stone, high up on the figures and flower beds.

wail of the chamber.

Then there is another model, a tiny wall of the chamber.

show is not half over," The main trail through the caves takes one down and down to lower and lower levels. There is an an analysis of those of the lower and lower levels. There is a "Corkscrew," like that of the famous bird. An empire fan is shown of black, red, white, or dark green gauze, with a carth coloring changes to deep blue, still incrusted with the limestone boxwork. Then there are more immense chambers, one of them 20 feet long by 40 feet wide, with a great vaulted roof. Then, like the inferno of Dante, "below the lowest depth yawns to receive you," and the explorer drops down a rope to the foot level, where he lands on a pit of numeasured depth, appropriately, named "The Inferno." From this point in it is a scramble over rocks and between bowlders, sometimes of hands and between bowlders, sometimes fat on the rocks, into more blue rooms and through places where all marks of water cutting have been removed by some gigantic force which has crushed the rocks and mashed in the walls, till one feels considerable.

loubt about remaining where there are vidences of such mighty and unseen powers, that may at any time crumble up the whole underground show and leave the visitor preserved indefinitely, as an interesting fossil for the delectation of

ARIZONA KICKLETS.

some geologist of future ages.

Old Joe Wheeler claims to have seen a him a quarter.

We understand that certain parties in this town have written the Postmaster General that we play poker: Yes, we do, but we play it as editor and not as post-master, and would like to sit down in a used to stand. game with the P. G. himself if he's inclined that way.

Any one who argues that our popularity as mayor of this town is on the wane it referred to the fact that last week we had 288 invitations to take a drink. Cock tails show which way the wind blows, and it's needless to say we accepted them all.



A Bullet Through Our Hat.

him on the street the other day. Supposing we meant to insult him, the major pulled his gun and fired a bullet through our hat. Explanations and drinks followed, and all is serene at this writing.

We believe that what is to happen will happen. In other words, we give Lawyer Dodge due notice that if he brings anothpapers in the case, with a few deeds and bills of sale as a wind up.

The gossip around town that we are

planning a \$50,000 opera house is all nonwith the white boxwork like the letterboxes in the general delivery section of the city post-office.

The first room in the series of caves is 155 feet below the surface of the ground, and is reached by a narrow, winding path.

The cave gets deeper as one proceeds.

Hellso hall is big enough and good enough and good the clergyman was proceeding with the solemn ceremony, and the spectators on the front seats with their guns have also become used to the targets and the distances.

If any one is environced.

If any one is environced.

Thatify the guests were all assembled and the clergyman was proceeding with the solemn ceremony, and had just joined the right hands of the spectators on the front seats with their guns have also become used to the targets and the distances.

If any one is environced.

Some one has sent us by mail a Kuklux

notice-skull, crossbones and all-warning us to get out of Arizona within thirty take the consequences. Please bring on your consequences. We don't propose to leave this balmy country for many years to come, and we'll bet 10 to 1 that we add that chap's carcass to the thirteen others sleeping so quietly in our private editorial graveyard. We are no buzzsaw, but the man who monkeys with us has got to be chain lightning to keep his health.

ORIGIN OF "DIXIE'S LAND."

This Stirring Song of the South Was Com-

posed by Daniel Emmett, the Minstrel. com the Ladies' Home Journal. The original song, "Dixie's Land," was composed in 1859 by Daniel Emmett as a "walk-around" for Bryant's minstreis. Mr. Emmett frequently heard the per-formers in a circus make the remark, "I wish I was in Dixie," as soon as the

The newest fan is a revival of the old-time Watteau model, and is very small. The designs painted on satin, slik gauze, produced on the backs, only omitting the

SNAKE AND FISH IN FIGHT.

but Got a Peculiar Cateb.

"Did you ever see a duel between a fish and a snake?" asked a cross-eyed man with a corncob pipe in his mouth, addressing entirely through it from north ing a half dozen villagers as they sat on south, the eastern section of the city be-the platform of the Erie depot at Ramap?. Ing given up to the offices of the Chinese

"It was out on the pond," said he, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the di-Old Joe Wheeler claims to have seen a silver tipped bear near Sailor Creek last ter lying north of the station. "I was fishing for pickerel in a boat with a chap he struck something at last he couldn't ask to buy him a drink of whisky or lend with and we had fine luck. We'd almost made leak of the government printing-office. We were not, however, allowed to do any investigating, and the procession was kept in the inner space between the two dividing walls, straight through the city. up our minds that twenty-five good-sized fish were enough for one day's catch, and pulled for the shore, when my friend allowed that he would like to 'skidder' a few times more along some lily ponds

used to stand.

"I was whiling, and slowly rowed the boat over while he stood in the bow and made ready to throw out his bait, the red beily of a sunfish. He jerked it along the top of the water a few times and then a lively commotion suddenly took place near his hook. I thought that a big pickerel had made for his bait, but I knew I guessed wrong when my friend yelled:

"My God! there's a sea serpent or something worse,' and he sank into his seat.

water.

"The snake was badly crippled and just sunk out of sight. He must have been powerfully hungry when he tackled that fish for his lunch, and I'll bet he was mad all the way to the end of his tail when he reached the catfish's horns and couldn't swallow it any farther. The fish made a game fight for its life, and it did my heart good to be of some use to it when it needed a 'riend.'

A TRAGEDY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Southern Bride Killed by a Cannon Ball While the Ceremony Was Going On.

Recalilng the historic incident clustermost remarkable features of the cave is the mass of delicate "boxwork" with which its walls are decorated. This is made up of thin, intersecting velns of carbonate of lime that has withstood the action of the water while the surrounding rock was dissolved and washed away. This formation is responsible for one of the ware was all other newspapers in the known world put together, and that the surrounding rock was dissolved and washed away. This proves that real merit and genius are always liberally rewarded.

We beg pardon of our readers for neglecting to say last week, a la New York dailies, that our circulation is now three times as great as all other newspapers in the known world put together, and that our advertising has gone up from 2 lines to 2,000 columns. This proves that real merit and genius are always liberally rewarded. South Carolina's executive preceding the evening of the marriage the Northern army began shelling Columbia, but preparations for the wedding continued. Finally the guests were all assembled and the clergyman was pro-

sand the distances.

If any one is curious to know why J. B. Williams left town last Sunday night with his legs working like piston rods and his hair on the curl, we can explain that, as secretary of the vigilance committee, we had given him warning to skip or dangle. He decided to skip and has probably reached Utah by this time. J. B. was a little too stiff as a braggart and a dead beat.

The rumor that we are looking for another political office is true. We now hanker to be fish commissioner of the Territory, thus giving us five soft snaps. There is no cheek about this. We are simply taking care of ourselves as an editor. What is left after we are provided for can go to the modest and humble public.

Some one has sent us by mail a Kuklux rotice skyll means to the first confusion and burst, in the middle of the marriage chamber, scattering its death-dealing missiles in the middle of the marriage chamber, scattering its death-dealing missiles in the middle of the marriage chamber, scattering its death-dealing missiles in the middle of the marriage chamber, scattering its death-dealing missiles in the middle of the marriage chamber, scattering its death-dealing missiles in the middle of the marriage chamber, scattering its death-dealing missiles in the middle of the marriage chamber, scattering its death-dealing missiles in the middle of the marriage chamber, scattering its death-dealing missiles in the middle of the marriage chamber, scattering its death-dealing missiles in the middle of the marriage chamber, scattering its death-dealing missiles in the middle of the marriage chamber, scattering its death-dealing missiles in the middle of the marriage chamber, scattering its death-dealing missiles in the middle of the marriage chamber, scattering its death-dealing missiles in the middle of the marriage chamber, scattering its death-dealing missiles in the middle of the marriage chamber, scattering its death-dealing missiles in the middle of the marriage chamber, scattering its death-dealing missiles in the care

all was over.
"She was laid to rest under the mag-nolias, and the heartbroken bridegroom, reckless with despair, returned to his for her son were doomed to disappoint-

FREAKS IN ADVERTISING. Ingenious Arrangements for Printing on

From the Saturday Evening Post.

The art of printing has found, within years, a good many developments of which the average well-informed person knows nothing. Ma-chines, for example, have been patented for print-ing on matches. The matches are thrown into a hopper, whereupon a revolving wheel receives them one by one in its teeth and carries them beneath the instrument that stamps the legend upon them. Another contrivance prints upon gunwads data which inform the sportsman, when he looks into

which inform the sportsman, when he looks into the end of each cartridge, how much powder it contains and what is the size of the shot. The printing on stockings, which includes the trade-mark and often some such words as "Past Black," is done by a machine made for that sole purpose. Another machine prints lettering on el-gars, and yet another adorns barrels with the firm names of the cencerns whose products fill them. There is a succial device for winting on the ends

From the St. James Gezette. This story is apropos of the pleasant custom of President Loubet's sharing his cigars with his gamekeeper, Driault, when out shooting at Rambouillet: It is well known that the Duke of York includes golf among his pet pastimes. When on the golf links at Anglesey, near Gosport, he usually employs one particular lad as caddle. This boy, besides the honor of having tramped many a mile in the duke a company, can also lay claim to the dis-tinction of having shared a unique lunch Then there is another model, a tiny With his future King. The incident of curred on the above-mentioned links most exquisite sprays of mignonette, clus- when duke and caddle paused for a little most exquisite sprays of mignonetic, clusters of violets, with here and there a daintily colored butterfly or a bespangied bird. An empire fan is shown of black, red, white, or dark green gauze, with lace figures and designs over it, outlined with tiny spangles, which catch the reflection of the lights and throws out iridescent rays as the fan is waved to and fro.

Most costly of all are the web-like affairs of Honiton lace, with a plain medely like in the center, upon which is painted.

Watteau scene. The roses on the busin.

THE FORBIDDEN CITY.

eyed Man Was Fishing for Pickerel, Description of the Scene When the Allies Troops Marched Through.

Pekin Letter in Leslie's Weekly The vigilance committee over at Lone
Jack seems to need an instructor. It has hung one man three different times, and yet he is walking around to-day in good

"It was out out the principles as they sat on the platform of the Errie depot at Ramap."

N. Y., one evening last week, waiting for the mail train to come in. None of the mail train to come in. None of the natives vouchsafed any reply, and the training a great variety of buildings, memorial halls to distinguished sovereigns.

"It was out out the point," said he text. and scholars, the guardian temple of the Back of the great audience hall was the gate leading to the palace itself. The

palace consisted of four buildings, the central one being the Emperor's own residence; on either side of this were build-ings called the Eastern palace and the Western palace, while the fourth building, which was ornately gilded, is called the Hall of the Golden Dragon. The Emperor's palace was the only building in the city which was entered. The floor was covered with cloth of a deep red color the Chinese vermillon. The center of the room was covered with a large rug of a sort of rough velvet worked with yellow dragons. It contained no seats of any conveniences except the throne itself, for among the Chinese no one, however high his rank, is permitted to assume any other than a kneeling position while in the presence of the Emperor. The throne was placed on an elevated dais, ascended from behind by a splendidly-carved staircase, and supported by a large copper dragon heavily gilded. Around the hall is a gallery which, according to the eunuchs who were guarding the palace, was for the use of the orchestra, which plays while official receptions are going

The palace is considered by the Chinese as the most important of all the imperial mildings. It was the scene of the famous 1722, when on the sixtleth anniversary of his reign he invited to the palace, as his guests, all the men of the empire over sixty years of age. North beyond this building we passed the Palace of Earth's Repose. Here "heaven's consort," as the Chinese Empress is called, rules over the imperial harem. Between this palace and the northern wall of the forbidden city were the imperial gardens, full of dainty pavilions and marble bridges running across the cana's and reaching out to artificial islands which stood in the little lakes, covered with groves and dot-

ted with temples. On the right, as we marched past the Empress's palace, stood the Hall of Intense Thought, a temple devoted to Confucius and the other great sages of China, while just north of it stood the imperial library, or the Hall of the Literary Abyss, as the Chinese call it. Back of the palace stood another gate like all those we had passed through before, then another court-yard, then through the back or north gate, over the bridge across the most which surrounds the forbidden city, into the inclosure at the foot of the Mei-Shan or "coal-hill," and the spectacle was

There was considerable disorder among There was considerable disorder among the troops during the march through the palace grounds, for everbody was trying to get glimpses of all the sights. It was not much, but it was more than any living white man is likely to see again. The buildings were closed, eunuchs stool about on watch, and most things of value seemed to have been removed. The city looked as if it had been abandoned for some time, for the courts were dirty and unkempt and the buildings decidedly old and dusty.

There were cheers and considerable ela-

and dusty.

There were cheers and considerable elation and a decided disposition, not too weil suppressed by some of the officers, to make the spectacle as humiliating as possible to the Chinese. As they marched out the north gate the Japs and Russians lined up on either side of the stone causeway, and then stood at salute, cheering the rest of us as we marched through between their lines. It was a great demonstration, and has had a profound effect upon the Chinese. They are not likely to forget it for a long time to come.

THE GREAT NAPOLEON'S DOUBLE.

His American Nephew so Like Him that

From the Ladies' Home Journal. During the next ten years the cherished ambition of Mme. Bonaparte was to marry her son, Jerome, to a girl of rank. rious plans were meditated, particularly his proposed marriage to one of the daughters of Joseph Bonaparte, who was then living in comfortable exile at Phila delphia and at Bordentown, N. J., and who was even solicited to place himself actively at the head of the Bonaparte interest in France after the death of Na-poleon at St. Helena. But "Bo," the pet name she gave her son, was little inclin-ed to help along these matrimonial space ulations. Her special desire was that he would not fall in love with an American, and that he would always bear in mind the possibility that the French people might call a Bonaparte like him to their

But all Mme. Bonaparie's darling hopes

throne.

she learned that he had married an estim able young woman in Baltimore. While the second Jerome Boneparte, who was a graduate of Harvard College, was nevel naturalized as an American citizen, he be-came a highly respected gentleman both in this country and abroad. It was fre quently observed in Europe that he resembled his uncle, the great Emperor, more than Napoleon's own brothers, or any of his kinsmen. Indeed, his figure, the cast of his head, the regularity of his the cast of ms head, the regularity of me features, and his eyes were so much like the Emperor's that there was some fear in France during the Louis Philippe monarchy that the resemblance might stir the Napoleonic affections of the people, and he was forbidden from visiting Paris even while traveling incognito. ine Napoleonic affections of the people, and he was forbidden from visiting Paris even while traveling incognito.

Upon going to Europe, after her divorce from Jercme Bonaparte, Mme. Bonaparte was extremely delighted with the attentions which were bestowed upon ner in England, and Louis XVIII, when she visited Paris, is said to have expressed a desire to have her presented at court. She declined by saying that as she had received a pension from the now exiled Emperor, she could not appear at the court of his successor. To Prince Gortschakoff is attributed the remark that mad she been near the former throne the allies would have had more difficulty, in overthrowing Napoleon. Indeed, many years afterward, Eugene Didier suggested the thought that it would have been a sultable match if the Emperor himself had had the fortune to have married Miss Patterson, for she might have exercised overnim an influence which Josephine was too timid and Louise too silly to attempt.

"TO A GOOD SOLDIER."

Remarkable Tribute of Richard Harding Davis to Private Brass.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

That Mr. Richard Harding Davis knows how to gain the good will of soldiers is shown by an incident that occurred while he was correspondent with the army about to sail for Cuba. Massachuseits troops had had their first death, that of a young man named Weslie A. Brass. Mr. Davis was anxious to pay some mark of respect to the memory of this young soldier. He wanted flowers, and out into the sun he tramped. From place to place he went. but not a flower was to be had. For two